

1865 NOVEMBER 1908

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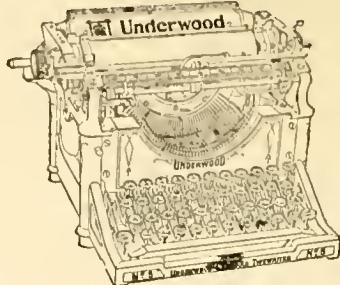
THE

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

A monthly magazine devoted to the interest of
the child, the progress of the Sunday School
and the enlightenment of the home



Published Monthly By The
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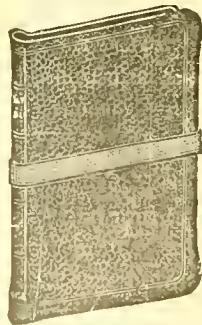
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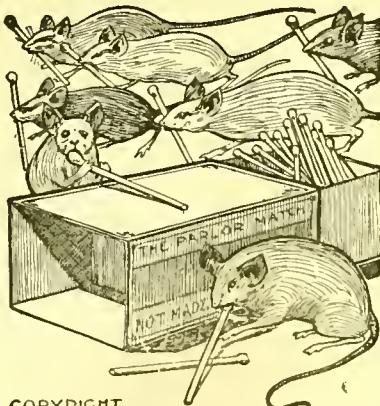
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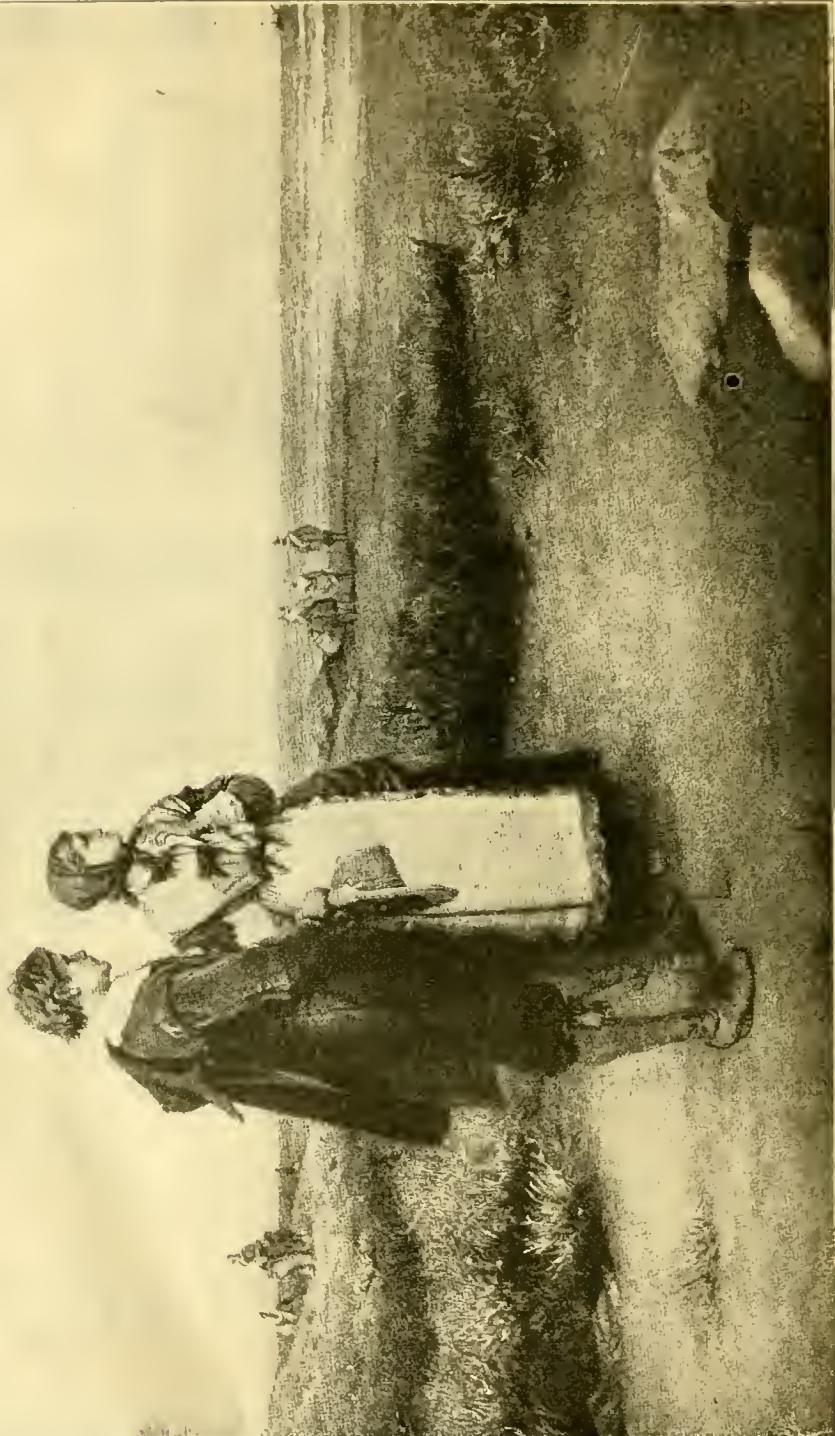
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Boughton, 1834

RETURN OF THE MAYFLOWER.



JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

ORGAN OF THE DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

VOL. XLIII SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, NOVEMBER 1, 1908 NO. 11

The Thanksgiving of Miss Ann.

By Susa Young Gates.

Miss Ann Evans walked through the crisp, brittle autumn leaves with her usual small, mincing steps across her own small yard to shake her little table cloth over her neighbor's fence that the chickens chucking therein might profit by her small thriftiness. It was very early dawn of Thanksgiving day; and no one but her seemed astir in the frosty dimness of the daybreak. The faded autumn leaves were piled against her fence untidily, for there was never many to help Miss Annie in her outdoor labors. She cast her faded brown eyes furtively over at her neighbor's, and threw anxious glances up and down the street as she stood a moment on her tiny back "stoop," brushing the faded autumn leaves from her skirts; then she popped guiltily inside the small doorway, and only the chickens were left to wonder what her secret anxiety could be.

There followed most mysterious goings-on inside the two-small-roomed cottage which belonged exclusively to Miss Ann, and only the frost of the air and the absorbing excitement of Thanksgiving morning kept her neighbors from entering into the secret of Miss Ann's rushing to and from the window, her fluttering preparations within, and her excited openings and shuttings of both back and front doors. That Miss Ann had sat up

most of the night, working behind closed blinds, reinforced by heavy quilts to keep out prying eyes—bending her small slender body over billowy white robes and under-wear, as they passed through successive stages of tub and ironing table—all this had passed unnoticed by Mrs. Gilman, her near neighbor, for all of which Miss Ann was duly thankful. Not but that Mrs. Gilman was her best friend, and not that Miss Ann had anything of a sinful nature to disclose; but there are times and seasons when one's personal affairs rise to the point of being placed in the category marked "strictly private." And Miss Ann had a peculiar way at times of setting her small jaw firmly below her plain little mouth, and then it became easy to understand the big obstinacy of some small persons.

In good time to catch the early car which ran on the street above, Miss Ann slipped out of her front door, loaded down with two immense valises. That she had male help to get herself and her belongings on that car was neither noted nor accounted for by the few people who sat minding their own business within that swift-moving vehicle.

Mr. Gilman ran hurriedly out of his own door, saw the same car as it approached his corner, whistled, sprinted, and caught the last rail as the car started up, and then leisure-

ly found himself a seat and opened his Thanksgiving morning paper.

When that gentleman returned from his office to his home sometime later, he made straight for the presence of his wife, who was preparing his Thanksgiving turkey with much bustle and confusion, surrounded as she was by numerous children and relatives.

"Fanny," he said, his eyes sparkling with some thought which was crowding for utterance; "who do you suppose has been getting married today in the Temple?"

"Why Thomas, what a question. How can I tell, when Salt Lake has a population of about one hundred thousand, and some of them are sure to choose Thanksgiving as their wedding day? Tell me!"

"Ann Evans."

"Gracious," sputtered his wife, falling into a chair while spoons and pans fell from her nerveless clasp.

"Ann Evans?" shouted the boys in chorus, while the visiting relatives asked wonderingly,

"Who's Ann Evans?"

"Well," stuttered Mrs. Gilman, too startled to grasp the whole situation, "Ann Evans has lived with me as a helper, or hired girl, as they call it here, for three or four years. She is all alone, for her mother died three years ago. Ann takes in sewing, goes out sometimes, and is quite self-supporting and she's all right. She's come from generations of ladies' maids, and she wouldn't eat with her knife or hurry her eating if the kitchen took fire. But Thomas, do tell me what you mean, and all about it."

"Anticipating this inquisition, Mrs. G. I have visited the Bishop, interviewed the store-keeper down here where you and Ann do your

modest trading and have the following information to impart."

"Fudge, Thomas, you are quite as curious as I am, and I have been a sort of step-mother to Ann for years; I can't understand it all."

"Well, so long as Ann understands it all, I don't know as anything else matters much."

"Who did she marry, papa?" asked Frank.

"She has married Brother Fields."

"Who's Brother Fields?" asked Mrs. Gilman with something like a mild sort of disgust—disgust that she had not been consulted in this very particular affair of her little friend.

"Why mother," interposed thirty-year old Lillian, "if Ann has caught a beau at forty, there's hope for me."

"Well, I should hope," answered Harry "only you are not as handsome as Annie."

"Children, stop your nonsense; cried the mother. "I won't have you making light of Ann. She is as lady-like a girl as I ever saw."

"Girl," muttered Harry, "when does an old girl cease to be a young girl?"

"Harry, you go right out of the room. Papa, won't you talk to that boy? He is growing impudent." Then, when Harry had quite subdued, and begged to remain for the story, Mr. Gilman resumed:

"The Bishop tells me that Brother Fields is quite a man. He is very industrious, honest and possessed of property. Ann has her home, but he owns two other small houses, so they will be well fixed. He is very clean in his life, and of good habits."

"What does he look like?" asked Lillian curiously.

Her father paused for words of

comparison. Then, "he looks like Ann's husband!" he ended triumphantly. "If they had known each other all their lives they could not seem better mated."

"Well, I'll declare," cried his wife, still too upset to continue her dinner preparations. "But go on, papa. Do tell us how they met and how you found it all out."

"Bless my soul, what insatiable appetites you folks have for stories."

"But it's about Ann," explained his wife.

"Yes, I know it's about Ann. Well, I saw Ann this morning in the car going down in town. She was making a man lift her valises and rearrange them, dictating and bossing him with that proprietary feminine air which no one but a wife dares to use with us poor downtrodden men. I was suspicious. And the Bishop, whom I met out after some forgotten Thanksgiving errands, added the rest."

"Well, how did they meet? How did he fall in love with her?"

"That is the really curious part of the story. Harry, Lillian, did I hear you say that romance and chivalry had left this mundane sphere of ours? Well, listen to my tale. It seems that Brother Fields was in the store below here and he saw his affinity come in to buy a bar of soap."

"Papa, do be serious; it's quite a serious matter."

"So it was to Caleb Fields. When Ann had gone out of the store, he asked who she was, and how he could become acquainted with her. The store-keeper told the anxious Romeo that Annie was a seamstress and suggested that he could take her some old socks to darn. Now, there's where the chivalry comes in. Do you think that excel-

lent man and devoted lover would take old socks to his affinity?"

"I wish you were as chivalrous," murmured his wife. But the mischievous story-teller went on:

"He scorned to begin his life's romance with socks and in such a prosaic manner. He had resolved to win the lady, and so informed the store-keeper. And with this end in view, he tore a hole in his new overcoat,—mind you, in his new overcoat, and took it to Ann to mend. Think on that, children! There's romance for you!"

"I am all cut up over this," said his wife."

"So was Caleb Field's overcoat," retorted Mr. Gilman, and at that Mrs. Gilman drove them all out of the kitchen for dinner would never be ready at such a rate.

It was fully two hours after. The Gilman dinner was over, and the turkey remains had been incarcerated in the cellar cupboard, the mince pies had been hidden away from sundry marauding Gilman boys and the children all expressed their proper gratitude to parents and food, when Mrs. Gilman stepped to her back-door to shake out her own voluminous tablecloth, for the delactation of the chickens when she spied her little neighbor standing fumbling at her door on the small back step across the way.

"Ann Evans, is that you? Where have you been? Getting married? And never so much as whispered a thing to me about it. What do you mean? And I think even now I shall have to forbid the banns."

The little old maid was quite used to her friend's sharp but good-natured raillery, but she fidgetted on her doorstep. Mrs. Gilman walked to the fence, and Ann followed her example albeit hesitatingly.

"You see, Sister Gilman, I didn't

want anybody to know about it. I just couldn't tell you. Now you must not feel offended." The prim apology nearly upset the other lady's gravity for the news had almost given her hysterics. But she said with mock seriousness—

"Annie Evans, I want to know what kind of a man you have married."

"I think, Sister Gilman," she answered brightly, "that he is a good man. I have been studying him for quite a while, Sister Gilman; you know I wouldn't marry a man I couldn't study."

Again Mrs. Gilman was tempted, to burst the shell of her outward good manners, and let her laughter sweep her like a gale; at the prim innocence of word and tone but she only asked—

"Annie Evans, how do you know that he is a good man?"

Put to the test of finding reasons for the loving hope that was within her, the girl answered—

"Well, I think he is going to be a good provider. He has gone to get a chicken for our Thanksgiving dinner."

The vision of this faithful little woman who had fought life's battles so many lonely years in silence and unguessed longing, revelling over the homely happiness of having some one actually to purchase a chicken for her was too much for her friend, and she rushed to the other hysterical extreme and nearly wept aloud.

"But Annie," she quivered half in laughter, half in tears, is he going to be kind to you? Mind. I shall have nobody abusing you, Annie girl. I won't stand for that."

"Oh no, Sister Gilman; he's not going to work till next Monday and today's only Thursday," she answered triumphantly. But the

logic of that argument was lost on her friend who realized that there would be two holidays in the four days. So she returned to the charge.

"Annie, they tell me you have a gold watch. Is it true?"

Mrs. Ann bridled ever so little with the natural pride of unusual possession.

"You see," he wanted me to have a watch more than a month ago, but I wouldn't let him give it to me. I says to him, how do you know that I'll marry you; and I don't want none of your watches nor jewels till I have a right to such things."

"Right Annie. You are a lady. But you must tell me one thing more; how on earth is it that this Brother Fields has lived so long without getting married. Is there something not very nice about him?"

The lips of the girl quivered for a second before her inquisitor.

"You see, Mrs. Gilman, he had to take care of his old parents, same as I did mine. And his died only last year, while my dear mother only left me two years gone. We was saved for each other, as might be."

The kindhearted friend melted before the gentle force of this touching stroke, and flinging her arm about the happiest small bride in the world that day, she cried out:

"You poor heart-hungry Ann; and poor heart-hungry Caleb. It is good to trust in God. He has saved you two for each other. How sweet that you could be married on Thanksgiving Day. I will forgive you everything. Only I wish you could have come into Thanksgiving dinner with us."

"No, thank you," said the girl, "we'll have our chicken to cook."

With misty eyes her friend kissed her, and they separated.

As the little lady returned to her own doorstep he saw her bridegroom coming hastily up the steps, his arm full of small packages and his kind eyes alight in the late forenoon sunlight as he looked at her standing there; cold without, but with the surging pent-up emotions of half a lifetime burning upon her soft cheeks.

She was trying to unfasten the rude lock, and he dropped his bundles to assist her. But with the faded coquetry of a heart that was still all womanly she said jauntily, "I can undo my own door. Don't be in a hurry. There's a plenty of time, sir." And the glance of faded merriment which she casted over her small shoulder possessed the pressed-down odors of a thousand buried hopes and memories for the man beside her.

With a delicate rare modesty he stood aside while the small lady fumbled about with her cold fingers to perform the task which would have been no task to him nor indeed to her under the circumstances.

"Come right in, Brother Fields," she said at last with breathless haste as she pushed a chair for him to sit near the window.

Ain't you going to call me Caleb?" he asked.

"You must let me get a little used to things" she fluttered, twittering about aimlessly, trying to find articles that had not been hidden, and vaguely wondering in her secretive sub-conscious self what it was she had to do right away.

"Oh yes;" she said aloud, finding her puzzle answered and then voicing it to him. "We must have our Thanksgiving supper. Hand me the chicken Caleb. Do you want to chop a little kindling and start a

fire while I get the chicken ready, and peel the potatoes?"

Happy to be put into active service the quiet-spoken man stepped out nimbly into the back-yard, and while he was thus engaged, the small kitchen was "redded" up with cold but quick fingers, and the polished stove was soon brightly offering its welcome glow to both excited inmates of this small domain.

"Wouldn't you like to sit in the other room, Brother—Caleb—" in evident confusion over the name—"while I get supper?"

"No. If you don't mind I would rather help if I can. And if I can't well—let me sit here, if it won't bother you."

"I don't mind—Caleb—" the name had a brilliant fascination for the trembling lips now that it had once got itself uttered, "if you want to, you can set the table out."

The table was instantly drawn far out into the tiny room. "Not so far;" she ordered with a repetition of that distractively air of proprietorship; "you must let me have room to get to the stove as we sit down," and the tone of pert possession with which this was uttered caught the heart and throat of the man watching her with a bounding admiration. She was so utterly charming.

The simple dinner of stewed chicken, and two small cup-custards, was ready at last, the two sat down at the little table with such distinct mutual embarrassment and pure delight in that embarrassment that even the stove seemed to radiate a thrill of corresponding warmth. The lighted lamp added its beams of welcoming cheer to this small, unique but exquisitely happy wedding dinner.

"This is our first Thanksgiving

dinner, isn't it, Caleb?" The remark was not very brilliant, but there was a significance which again set the man's pulses bounding along his slow veins.

"Yes, Annie, it is our very first, but there ain't no last now with us. It's to be all thanksgiving dinners, ain't it?"

"Yes," she replied happily, "if you say so. I was just thinking of my last Thanksgiving, when we had the Relief Society dinner for the old folks. You was up in Idaho, then, you know."

"Ann," said the man with throbbing sincerity in his voice, "what would I'a done if some one else had fell in love with you and taken you from me?"

He reached over the table, ignoring his untouched food, and laid his toil-hardened palm upward for hers to lie within the firm clasp. She was able to give one fleet glance into the honest grey eyes bent so lovingly on her face, before her own eyes fell filled with answering moisture; but she said lightly, as is her sex's custom,

"Oh, nobody wanted to cut you out, Caleb."

"Well, that's because God has kept your heart hidden up for me, Ann dear."

And as the clasp of his hand closed so eagerly over hers she was speechless with sheer gratitude; not for his sake so much, but that she had been found at all. She knew life a little better than he, even if

hers were old-fashioned long-ago sort of knowledge.

When the table was put away, the fire laid in the small sitting-room, which was also the sleeping room, the two sat primly down by the small stove, toasting their feet after the habit of middle-age and sobriety. There is beauty in autumn leaves, to be sure, but they are a little crisp—a little crisp, while the leafless wood that remains has toughened in every fiber to resist the coming winter.

Into their narrowed and somewhat contracted lives, had come the glow of the late autumn; and into the past they gazed with awe-struck eyes realizing how long the road had been before they had found each other. It was not possible for either to voice the emotions which swelled like billowy crests, beating against the habit-long reserve which held them both in thrall. But as they sat, he again put out his hand to clasp hers, and she laid her tiny hand within, while she said whisperingly,

"What a nice Thanksgiving day, Caleb!"

"Let us give Thanks to the Lord," said the good man, in a broken voice and together they knelt in prayer, while the cheery warmth from the stove met and mingled with the cheery glow of the lamp on the table, and the invisible halo of sanctified affection folded them about with divine radiance.

"Virtue is like precious odors, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed: for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue." —Bacon.

The Home.

By Rose H. Widtsoe.

IX.

FLOORS AND FLOOR COVERINGS:

We have considered in previous articles the furnishings and decoration of the various rooms in the house. We shall now consider in detail some of the most important furnishings.

The floor and its coverings form one of the most important considerations in the furnishing and decoration of a house. It used to be customary for each room, including even the kitchen to be fitted with some kind of carpet. This carpet was tightly tacked to the floor and only removed for the annual or semi annual cleaning. How many of us remember with joy that we no longer have, in the majority of homes, the week or two in the spring and fall when all the carpets are taken up, pounded, beaten, stretched, and pulled, with all the accompanying aches and pains, and finally tacked down again!

The most serious objection perhaps, to the tacked down carpet, was that it was loosely woven so that the dust could sift through on to the floor. Here the dust would accumulate for six months. Every time we should step on the carpet or sweep it the dust would be disturbed and float in the air, what wasn't breathed into the lungs with the accompanying germs, settled again onto the furniture and carpet. Imagine children playing around in such dust catches!

Much can be said in favor of the improved condition both from

the artistic and the sanitary point of view.

Where rugs are used they may be taken up and dusted as often as it is necessary, the floor washed and the rug relaid with much less expenditure of energy than before. The rugs are much lighter and easier to handle and the dust which usually accumulates under the ordinary carpet is thus dispensed with.

Some people object to any bare floor where there are children or very old people. In such cases the floors will have to be laid with large rugs instead of small ones. The borders may still be left bare with small rugs placed at the principal passage ways. Older people know better than to walk on the slippery borders and children soon learn to keep off them. It is especially for the child's sake that we wish to do away with the dusty carpets.

There is no question as to the relative amount of work necessary to keep clean a carpeted floor and a waxed or painted floor with rugs. The testimony of most women who have tried both is that the bare floor with rugs is easier cared for.

Now comes the question of how to finish the new floor and how to fix up an old floor so that it will look well. Many people who like to use rugs, feel that they cannot afford the expense of having new floors laid. Where the cracks are so large they can't be filled, a border of some material such as matting or material that is woven in the various ground colors especially for borders, may be used and then a

large rug laid in the center of the room. The rug need not be tacked down but in most cases the border will need tacking down to hold it in place.

Where the floor is not too bad it may be smoothed down, the cracks and knot holes filled with putty or some prepared "filler." The floor may then be given two or three coats of paint or what is better it may be given a coat of oak stain and one or two coats of floor finish. A floor may be treated in this way for four or five dollars and will look well and wear for a long time.

In treating an old floor it is well to avoid the use of bright colored stains or paints, as such treatment calls attention to the floor. Also very dark colors are to be avoided as they show the dust more easily than lighter colors. At the same time, however, we must remember that in the general color scheme of the room the floor is to carry the deepest tones, the walls to be lighter and the ceiling still lighter. It is well to have the color of the floor blend with the color of the base-board and with the border of the rug.

Then comes the question as to the kind of material for the new floor and how to finish it. The hard wood floor is without question the ideal floor. The question of expense will largely decide the kind of floor but the expense that is so often urged is not borne out by the following statistics. The cost per square foot of a soft pine floor laid unfurnished is $3\frac{1}{2}$ cents. The same floor covered with an ingrain carpet at sixty-five cents per yard costs ten and seven tenths cents per square foot. Covered with Brussels carpet at eighty cents it would cost twelve and one-half

per square foot. Carpets to look well must often be renewed.

The cost of the hard pine floor, planed, scraped, stained and two coats of varnish will cost nine cents per square foot. A floor of straight oak planed and scraped, stained and filled with two coats of shellac will cost eleven and one half cents. The same floor with one coat of shellac and wax will cost the same. The best floor that we can have, quarter sawed, oak planed, scraped, stained and filled with three coats of varnish will cost nineteen cents per square foot but it is a floor that will last.

The question of finish will have to be decided by the cost of material, and taste of the individual, and by the use of the rooms. Wax, and varnish are not desirable if the room is to be subjected to hard usage. The oiled or painted floor will stand to be washed to remove the dust whereas water will turn a waxed floor white. In rooms where the dust is light and can easily be removed by wiping with a slightly dampened cloth, it is very desirable.

Varnished floors are perhaps easiest to keep clean, and when newly finished look well, but they are easily marred and soon become unsightly in places where there is much wear, especially if cheap varnish has been used. We should remember this that the *best materials* are usually the cheapest. Refinishing is always an expensive process, so that it is economy to use the best varnish obtainable. Much expense will be saved by revarnishing at the first signs of wear, for if the surface becomes broken, the wood underneath becomes filled with dirt, and scraping or planing may be required to remove it.

Many think that the wax makes

the most desirable and lasting finish for the living rooms. It is somewhat more expensive than varnish because of the greater amount of work required, but it is a great protection to the wood. The places subjected to the greatest wear will need waxing at least twice a year.

The waxed floor must be cleaned with a dry cloth or one which is only *slightly damp* and rubbed occasionally with a weighted brush. If the floor becomes spotted by water through accident, the damage can be easily repaired by applying a little wax and rubbing with a brush. If the floor becomes soiled or stained the wax may be removed with turpentine, the spot treated, and the place covered anew with wax. Ink or iron stains may be removed with a solution of oxalic acid.

After we have decided upon the kind of floor and its finish, comes the question of its coverings. The kinds of floor coverings now on the market are so numerous that we can hardly fail to find a suitable one. The history of floor covering dates from before the Christian era, even to the ancient days of Egyptian splendor. Prior to that time primitive people had adopted skins of animals for their floor coverings. The Babylonians were noted for their rug weaving. From them the art was passed on to the Persians and the peoples of India, and so through Asia and Eastern Europe, and, after the Renaissance, into France, and England.

To the oriental, weaving has a meaning much deeper than simply a mercantile pursuit. It is interwoven with customs, traditions, leg-

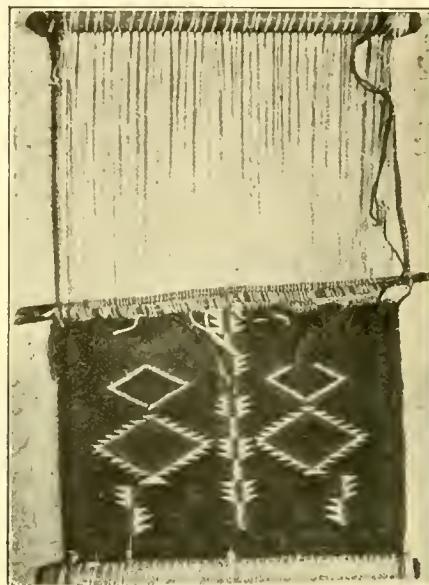


A LIVING ROOM, ILLUSTRATING USE OF RUGS.

andary love and mythology. In India some of the designs are handed down through generations of weavers. In Persia and Turkey the sacramental character of the rug is made prominent as it was originally made for places of worship or in honor of the visits of distinguished persons. Certain shapes and patterns are today reserved for use at prayer.

dyes was forbidden by imperial edict.

France, Germany and Great Britain have high class products of their own. America is also noted among rug weavers, from the primitive work of the Indians in the west. The Navajo Indians produce the best examples of rugs. The simplicity of their craft is shown by their spindle which is a



NAVAJO METHOD OF WEAVING.



ORIENTAL PRAYER RUG.

Large rugs often employ an entire family in the making, and very fine examples may cover many years of hard work. The amount of work put into a single yard of fine weaving, notably the Persian, may be estimated by the number of stitches, a matter perhaps, of from two to three hundred thousand.

The beautiful colors of the Persian rugs have made them famous. The vegetable dyes used in them, which give such a rich gloss and strong wear are so carefully guarded that an effort to select mineral

slender stick thrust through the center of a round disk. With this they work at their loom of two horizontal sticks, beginning at the bottom and working upwards. Their native dyes of vegetable matter are supplemented by the ravellings of a red bayeta cloth. Their colors are lasting and very beautiful. Their patterns vary from simple parallel lines to complex figures that picture as do those of the Oriental weaver, the legends and mythology of their tribes.

The rug weaving of our early

settlers has been revived in an artistic form by using strips of cloth in colors that harmonize instead of the hit-or-miss coloring of odds and ends of stuff. White or gray or blue or some soft quiet color is used in the warp instead of the bright reds, greens, purples and yellows that were formerly used. These rugs are especially beautiful for bed-rooms as they can be made to harmonize with any color scheme, and they may also be washed without injury.

The designs in the Wilton rugs are copied from the Oriental and in price and appearance these rugs give splendid satisfaction. A Scotch ingrain rug that can be used on either side is excellent for the home of moderate cost. Few colors are

used and some are made with plain centers with a two-toned border. The dyes are lasting and the wearing quality is good. Small white goat skins may be sewed together for a bed-side rug or for a child's room. A black or brown fur rug may be laid in front of the hearth or in a room where the floor coverings are deep-colored.

When the regular sized rugs do not fit an irregular shaped room carpet may be made up as a rug and shaped to fit the room. Or a better plan is to use one large rug and then smaller ones to fit the irregular places. Avoid carpet patterns or rugs with designs and colors too striking. The floor covering should always be quiet and unpretentious.

Whatsoever things are **T**rue & whatsoever things are **H**onest & whatsoever things are **J**ust & whatsoever things are **P**ure & whatsoever things are **L**ovely whatsoever things are of **G**ood **R**eport & if there be any **V**irtue, and, if there be any **P**raise, **T**hink **O**n **T**hese **T**hings.



Tommy's Thanksgiving.

By Annie Malin.

Tommy was the man of the house, for his father after moving on to the small farm the year before, had died, leaving his wife and three children to battle for themselves. Tommy was only fourteen but had worked with his father, and being a bright and active boy, could do many things to help his mother.

Spring had come and Tommy and his mother stood looking out over the land wondering how they were to get it plowed and planted. The old team of horses owned by Mr. Harmon had been sold at the time of his death, and after the funeral expenses were paid very little was left to keep the family through the winter. Mrs. Harmon had done Mrs. Kent's washing and mending and had thus managed to exist, but now how could they expect to live if they could not plant any crops? This question was one that Mrs. Harmon had asked herself many times, and if it had not been that her faith in the watchful care of a Heavenly Father sustained her she would have given up in despair.

On this pleasant spring morning as they stood looking on their farm Tommy thought with misgiving of any power that could be depended on to help them.

"Well, mother," said he "it is time someone helped us."

"Have faith, my boy," replied the brave little woman, "we haven't starved yet, and God is still above us."

As they turned to go to the little house, a man drove up to the door, and as he approached the mother and son, he made known his errand. His wife was sick and there was no one to take care of her or do the washing except a girl of ten years.

He asked Mrs. Harmon if she could come over and help them. Like most of the neighbors, he was very poor, and Mrs. Harmon knew she need expect no money for her work if she went; but this did not stop her, and when she consented to do what she could the man asked what plans they had for working the farm.

While Mrs. Harmon went indoors to get a sun-bonnet Tommy told him of their troubles and when Mrs. Harmon re-appeared the man, whose name was Saunders, said that he had no money on hand, but if she could keep things in order for his wife he would plow the field a little at a time and give her enough potatoes to plant a small patch for

their own use. Mrs. Harmon thankfully accepted the offer as she smiled at Tommy, and Tommy felt ashamed of his doubts.

Mr. Saunders was as good as his word and in a few weeks a large piece of land was already for planting.

"If we only had seeds," Tommy said to his mother one morning, "how happy we would be."

"Let us try to be happy without complaining," returned his mother, "we have enough potatoes planted to help us out during the winter if we have good luck." "Now, Tommy," she continued, "take these clothes to Mrs. Kent and ask old Peter for the parsley seed he promised me and be sure and ask him how Betty is this morning."

Old Peter was Mr. Kent's hired man and had been a good friend to the Harmons. Mr. Kent, himself was the richest man in the place, having worked himself up from a very poor boy.

When Tommy returned his face shone with happiness and he waved a bag at his mother as he shouted gaily; "Here you are, mother! here you are!"

"What in the world Tommy have you there?" asked his mother in astonishment.

"Well, mother," answered Tommy, "While Peter was giving me the parsley seed Mr. Kent came in, and asked me what we were intending to plant. I told him we had nothing yet and he went out and brought this bag of seeds, and he said if I am the boy he thinks I am we need not suffer this winter, for there are enough pumpkin seeds to plant the whole piece."

Tommy fairly danced with joy as his mother looked in the bag. "Well Tommy," she said "God is indeed good, but what can we do

with so many pumpkins?" We have no team with which to take them in any market and we can't take them without."

"Mother," said the boy, "don't you think since God has sent us the seed, that all we can do is to plant it and trust Him?"

"You are right, my boy," answered his mother, and Tommy gave her the money which Mrs. Kent had paid him, and which she took with a thankful heart. The two younger children were delighted at the thought of helping plant, and old Peter himself came to see that it was rightly done, and informed Tommy in his quaint style, that getting started right was the main thing in pumpkins as well as in everything else.

"You'll have plenty of pumpkin pies for Thanksgiving," youngsters," he said to the busy children, and they worked faithfully until every seed was planted.

Tommy was a happy boy, and could scarcely wait for the broad green leaves to appear, but in time the ground was dotted with green, and every minute he could spare, he was busy keeping down the weeds and, as Peter told his mother, learning something every day.

Mr. Kent, too, often stopped as he passed that way, to encourage the little fellow with a word of praise, and to give a word of advice. "That boy is all right," he would say to Peter, and the old man fully agreed with him.

Meantime old Biddy, the speckled hen had come off the nest with eleven fine chicks and then the old black hen who had stolen a nest, made her appearance with nine more, and the little family were delighted.

One day old Peter came to the little house to say that a turkey hen was dead leaving six small turkeys

and if Mrs. Harmon liked to try to raise them she might have them. Mrs. Harmon was quite willing to try and when the pumpkins were half-grown five fine turkeys were strutting about the yard. The two little girls began to talk about pumpkin pies and turkey, but Mrs. Harmon was making no promises as to the latter, for they would bring a good price. The potatoes turned out a great success, and as for the pumpkins they were indeed a sight, and the little farmer was wondering how he could dispose of them.

Sometimes he cheered his mother by his faith, and at others she had hard work to keep his faith alive.

At last a frost withered the leaves on the vines, and the pumpkins were displayed in all their golden glory. Old Peter stared with open eyes as he paused to look at the immense crop, and Mr. Kent came over to inspect them. "Well done, Tommy!" he exclaimed in his hearty voice "I knew you could do it."

Mr. Saunders now came to offer his assistance, and as Mr. Kent

knew him to be honest he advised Tommy to accept his offer. He agreed for a moderate price to haul the best of them to the best market, and help Tommy dispose of them. All that were not fit for market, excepting those needed for the use of the family, Mr. Kent agreed to buy for his cows. And so, by the time Thanksgiving Day drew near, all were disposed of and Tommy and his mother were the happy possessors of seventy-five dollars. They also sold four of the turkeys, reserving the smallest one for their own dinner to the delight of the children. In the gratitude of their hearts, they invited Mr. Saunders and his family to share the long-looked-for meal, and all gave thanks where thanks were due. Old Peter came to see them in the evening, and he told Mrs. Harmon, that Mr. Kent was, "that proud of your boy Ma'am that he is going to do more for him next year, bless him." And Mrs. Harmon, with a grateful heart, said earnestly, "God bless you both Peter."

The Author's Wish.

By William W. Burton.

If enemies my character defame
And turn a jealous eye on all I do,
And seek to steal the honor of my name,
Lord give me strength that I may still be true.
No matter what the world may say of me,
If God and conscience sanction what I do.
I have my failings, but would like to be
An honest, upright man my whole life through.
There is no bitterness within my heart,
No ill-will lurking hid within my soul,
In all things I would like to do my part,
And have my passion under full control.
I'd like to live for good that I can do,
In peace and calm all my coming years;
Love and be loved by all the good and true,
And, when I leave this life, be free from fears,
And feel assured there's peace and rest for me,
And loved ones waiting on the other side,
Where storm-tossed barks on life's tempestuous sea,
May safely harbor from the rolling tide.

Short Stories from Church History.

By John Henry Evans.

XIX.

"THE CENTRE PLACE."

The Missouri prairie twelve miles west of Independence, lonely as the great forests, was the last place where you would look for a religious meeting. Yet that was exactly what was going on, and to those who took part in the ceremonies and to their descendants their doings had great significance.

It was a fine day in early August, with a sky that was blue and clear. Had it been anywhere in the late forenoon or the early afternoon, the heat would have been too intense for man or beast to endure in silence. But this was at sunrise, a time beautifully typical of the solemn exercises to take place; and there was just breeze enough to carry the fresh, sweet scent of those vast flower-gardens, the prairies, through the long stretch of woodland bordering the Big Blue and into the grateful faces of the crowd that had gathered.

There were between ninety and one hundred people in all. Most of them were men, but a few were women and children. There was the youthful and sunny countenance of the Prophet Joseph Smith, with lustrous eyes; there was the grave, silent face of Sidney Rigdon, overcast just now with a sense of responsibility; there were the Pratt brothers, Parley and Orson, boys both, their eyes aglow with sacred fire; there was Polly Knight, too, thin and pale, with a heavenly glory in her bright eyes as she sat there sustained by her aged husband and faithful son; and there were many others whose faces, had time left

them free of her touches, we should be able easily to recognize. Nearly all were young, full of youth's energy and "forward-looking thoughts."

There was a stir in the crowd. Twelve men left the group, walked gravely, and in order to a pile of green logs not far away, took up one of the largest, and, in as grave and orderly a manner, returned to a spot near the crowd, where they set it down carefully in a place that had been cleared of grass and flowers. Meanwhile, the people looked on silently till it was done.

Another slight movement on the part of the group followed, as if they would separate to engage in conversation by three's and four's, but it was interrupted by a voice. The voice was that of Sidney Rigdon to whom had been given the privilege of dedicating the land of Zion.

He spoke of the glorious things that had been said of Zion, the New Jerusalem, by the ancient prophets, both in Palestine and in Ancient America. He spoke also of the revelations that had come through the Prophet Joseph concerning the land.

"These prophecies and revelations," said the speaker, "we have just now begun to fulfill. We have laid the first log for the first house in Zion; it has been laid by twelve men in honor of the twelve tribes of Israel. The settlement of Zion has commenced. We are on sacred soil, which God will give you for an inheritance forever, to you and to your children."

He paused and looked about him

over the vast extent of prairie stretched out before him, how beautiful with verdure and the tints of many flowers. The people waited expectantly for him to go on.

"Do you receive this land," he continued, "for the land of your inheritance, with thankful hearts, from the Lord?"

"We do!" came the answer in a chorus.

"Do you pledge yourselves to keep the law of God on this land which you never have kept in your own lands?"

"We do!" again they chorused.

"And do you pledge yourselves to see that others of your brethren who shall come hither do keep the laws of God?"

"We do!"

"It is well!" cried the speaker, "for this is holy ground, set apart in the councils of eternity as the inheritance of the Saints. The Lord is doing His part. He has declared that this is the place where His City shall be built with the great Temple in the midst, over which a cloud shall rest by day and a pillar of fire by night. And He has decreed that the splendor of His power shall be here."

"But there is our part to do; there is our work to perform. 'For verily I say unto you'—he was reading now,—“my law shall be kept on this land. Let no man think he is ruler, but let God rule him that judgeth, according to the council of his own will; or, in other words, him that counseleth or sitteth upon the judgment seat. Let no man break the laws of the land, for he that keepeth the laws of God hath no need to break the laws of the land. Wherfore be subject to the powers that be, until He reigns whose right it is to reign, and subdues all enemies under His feet.'

"This is the word of the Lord which you are expected to keep in accordance with the covenant you have just entered into. Otherwise this shall not be a land of Zion to you. Hear it then and obey."

Then followed an eloquent and feeling prayer by Elder Rigdon, after which he rose from his knees and said—

"I now pronounce this land consecrated and dedicated unto the Lord for a possession and inheritance for the Saints, and for all the faithful servants of the Lord to the remotest ages of time—in the name of Jesus Christ, having authority from Him. Amen."

And the people solemnly echoed, "Amen."

Thus were the foundations of Zion in Jackson county, Missouri, laid by this handful of Saints under the leadership of the Prophet Joseph Smith.

The next day, on the third of August, a little group of men stood on a small rise of ground a little west of Independence. It included the Prophet Joseph, Sidney Rigdon, Edward Partridge, William W. Phelps, Oliver Cowdery, Martin Harris, and Joseph Coe. They had met there to dedicate the site for the famous Temple that is to be erected there "in this generation," to which event you and we all have been looking forward with great anticipations.

The following beautiful psalm was read—

"His foundation is in the holy mountain. The Lord loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob. Glorious things are spoken of thee, O City of God. I will make mention of Rahab and Babylon to them that know me. Behold Philistia, and Tyre, with Ethiopia: this man was born there."

And of Zion it shall be said, This and that man was born in her. And the highest Himself shall establish her. The Lord shall count, when He writeth up the people, that this man was born there. As well the singers as the players on instruments shall be there. All my springs are in thee."

A solemn and impressive prayer was offered, dedicating the site for the future Temple, by the Prophet himself.

Two important things had thus been done during this first visit of Joseph and the brethren to Zion. It had been learned definitely where the future City with its Temple should be, and both of these had been dedicated to the Lord for the inheritance of the Saints.

But there remained most of the work of settlement. Part of this had been done in the coming thither of the Colesville Saints and their making homes on prairie and along the Big Blue. More, however, was to be done then and there; for the Lord, in a revelation given through the Prophet, requested that Bishop Edward Partridge should remain in Zion to buy lands there as an agent and to distribute to the Saints their inheritances. Sidney Gilbert, a merchant from Ohio who had joined the Church at Kirtland and come to Missouri among the rest, was required to establish a store at Independence. Oliver Cowdery and William W. Phelps were in-

structed to set up a printing press for the Church. After going East for the necessary press and type and paper, they established the *Evening and Morning Star*, the first publication in the form of a paper or magazine ever printed by the Church.

These things accomplished, Joseph and a number of the brethren left Zion for their homes in Kirtland, leaving with the Saints this gracious benediction pronounced upon their heads by the Lord.—

"Behold blessed, said the Lord, are they who have come up unto this land with an eye single to my glory, according to my commandments. For those that live shall inherit the earth, and those that die shall rest from all their labors, and their works shall follow them, and they shall receive a crown in the mansions of my Father, which I have prepared for them. Yea, blessed are they whose feet stand upon the land of Zion, who have obeyed my gospel, for they shall receive their reward in the good things of the earth; and it shall bring forth in its strength; and they shall be crowned with the blessings from above."

This was Zion, to which the Saints of that early day looked forward with hopes, from which they were driven in despair, and toward which, both backward, we all in this day turn our eager attention.

*Joy and temperance and repose,
Slam the door on the doctor's nose.*

Longfellow.

A LULLABY.

By Maud Baggarley.

*Sweet little babe, with the tender eyes—
The hue of the deep blue summer skies—
Slumber at ease on thy mother's breast,
For the earth is filled with peace and rest.*

*Drift on, drift on
To slumber land,
And wander with dream babes
Hand in hand;*

*The smiling sky above doth bend,
The wind his sweetest song doth lend,
The stars peep down on thee at rest,—
The fair moon too,—my babe to bless.*

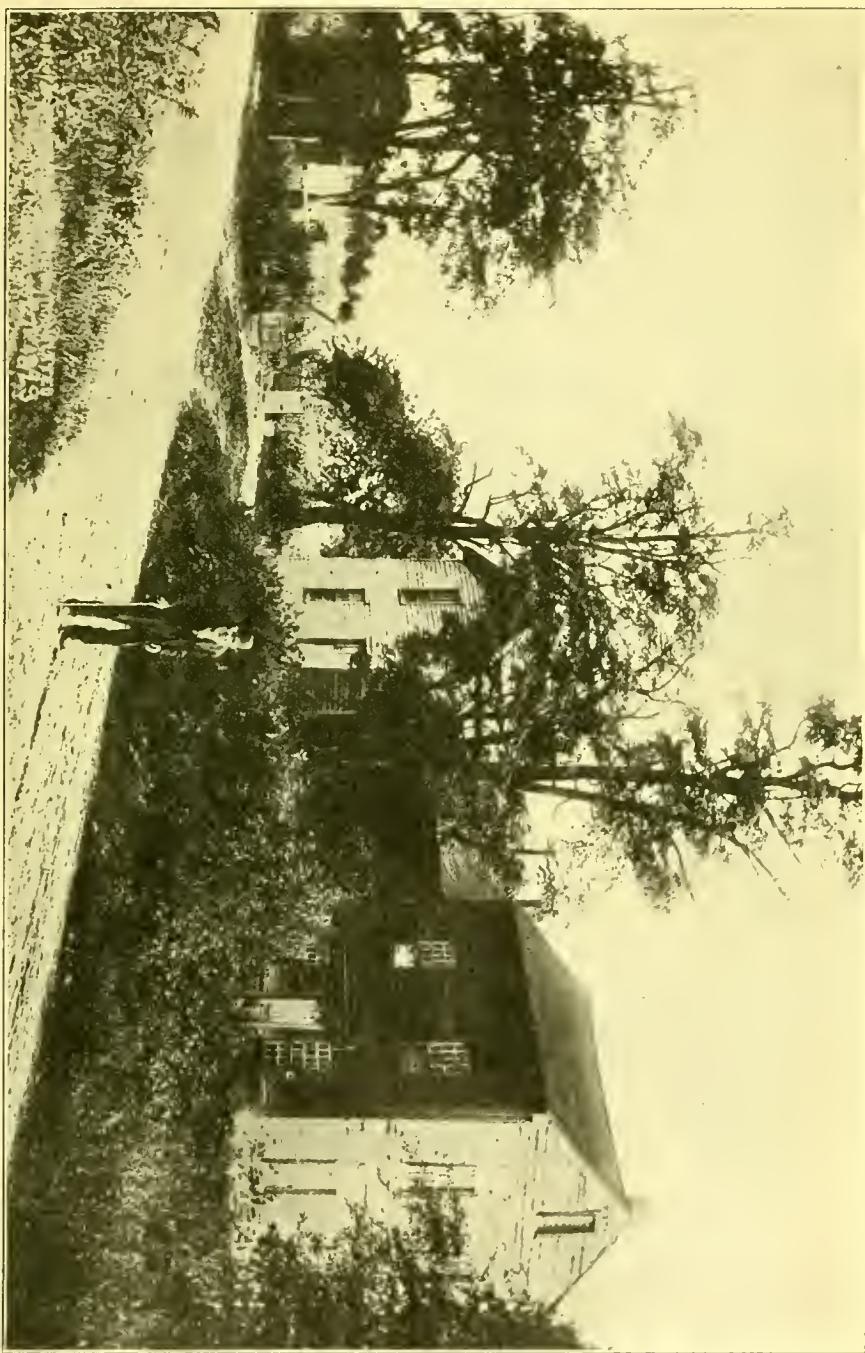
*Then away, away,
No longer stay,
For shadows mark
The close of day.*

*The sun has hidden his weary head,
The tired birdies have crept to bed,
The roses are nodding drowsily slow,
And the zephyr is singing soft and low,—*

*While thou, my little one
Drift'st away,
To greet the dawn
Of a fairer day.*

*The fairy of sleep is abroad in the land,
Waving slowly her silver wand,
Lulling the flowers and birds to rest,
And thee, my babe, my sweetest and best.*

*Then fare thee well,
And haste thee on,
For the ship of dreams
Will soon be gone.*



THE HOME OF JOSEPH SMITH, JUN., WHERE THE BOOK OF MORMON WAS TRANSLATED.
Photo by George E. Andersen.

What Jessie Thought About Babies.

By R. A. A. R.

It was just after the noon hour, and the "fourth readers" from "the big school" were filing in and taking their places on the backless recitation bench in "the little school-house." Mr. Glassman, the principal, had charge when they went into Vinnie Grant's room for grammar and geography. This was the grammar class. —"Move up," said Jimmie Gregg in a loud whisper.

"I can't," retorted Etta Poulson. "They ain't no more room."

"Let us all be gentlemen and ladies," quietly interposed the young teacher. One of the boys may sit on my chair, for I am going to stand."

"Who has the first sentence?" she questioned, beginning the lesson.

An array of hands waved before her.

—"Fine," said the teacher, her face lighting up with smiles "Clara, the first."

Clara read, "'Flowers bloom.'"

"Flowers is the noun and bloom is the verb."

One after another the boys and girls rose—read sentence from slate, stopping now and then for an explanation of verbs—nouns in answer to the teacher's questions.

Towards the end of the bench sat bright little Jessie Day. Eagerly she raised her hand for every sentence, but her turn seemed long in coming.

"Who has a predicate for babies?" asked Teacher.

This time Jessie did not raise her hand very high, for secretly she hoped not to be called on for that "because she couldn't get a good one." But there sure enough "Teacher" was nodding to her.

Jessie took a deep breath, then read the dreaded sentence: "Babies are tiresome."

Then how the class did giggle, and how Vinnie Grant raised her eyebrows in surprise! "Why, do you think that?" said she. "I don't think they're tiresome. I think they're sweet."

"Teacher," cried Pauline. "I've got one, 'Babies are pretty.'

"That's good. Don't you think they're pretty and sweet, Jessie?"

"They're pretty, but I don't think anybody is sweet," rather timidly answered Jessie, much abashed to think her favorite teacher had reproved her, and that Pauline had done better than she.

When the class was over, Jessie still felt uncomfortable, as though someone had scolded her severely. "I don't care," she thought to herself. "If Pauline was the oldest of the family and had to tend the baby as much as I do, she'd not be long thinking they're tiresome."

The following Sunday afternoon Jessie was playing at her playmate Clara's home with a number of other little girls. It was true, she was the only one who had a baby with her; her mother had said she must tend the baby or stay at home. Jessie wanted to help her mother, but as everyone knows it is more fun to play and have only that to do. Yet it was not very hard to tend Bennie. She sat him on the ground, and gave him some pebbles to amuse himself with. She was making believe she was Mrs. Johnson, and her house was to be in the front yard. The others had play names, too, so they were all getting long sticks to mark off their rooms with. Then they had their dolls and

picture cards to furnish with. The sticks were around at the back of the house, and Bennie was good. He did not cry if Jessie went away a few minutes and left him.

So Jessie, among the rest, was behind the house stacking up her pile of sticks. She had just spied a goods box of handy size behind the chicken coop. Running over—picking it up, she exclaimed: "Oh, me have this box for my table."

At that moment, Christina came hurrying breathlessly down the path. "Oh, Jessie," she cried, "Bennie has a little rock down his throat."

Jessie's heart felt like a weight of lead knocking against her breast, as she almost flew over the squash garden and around to Bennie. Clara's mother just then came out, and seizing the baby, who was choking terribly, turned him head downward and slapped him on the back.

Jessie stood panting and fearful, holding her hands together. "Oh dear! Oh dear! will it come out?

Oh dear! Oh dear! she wailed, and began to cry as she saw Bennie suspended by his feet and his poor little face so red and distorted.

When Clara's mother at last said, as she tried to soothe the baby in her arms, "Well, it's out now, but don't you ever leave your baby brother like that again or give him such things to play with. Why, if I hadn't been here he would have choked to death"—Jessie did not feel bad at all to be scolded, but only so thankful that he was safe that she could hardly wait to take him in her arms and give him a drink of water. And then she sat down and let him take her doll, while Pauline brought the sticks for her house.

"Really, Bennie did look as nearly sweet" as anything could that is called "sweet"—such big innocent brown eyes and soft curly hair!" Only it sounds more correct to say that sugar and candy and such things are sweet," thought Jessie "I guess babies are lovely."

THE BEST OF MOTHERS.

By L. L. Greene Richards.

*Not that I feel at all to boast,
Or class you as inferior;
But they who honor parents most
Obtain a power superior.*

*That power, in overcoming wrong,
Will swell your heart like leaven;
And make you feel so light and strong—
It lifts you nearer Heaven.*

*Our mothers, sometimes—"pass away!"
If mine should ever leave me,
Twould soothe my pain to hear her say,
"You've nothing done to grieve me."*

*And if I reach the home on high,
While ent'ring with the others,
Should I be questioned, "how and why,"
I'll say, "The Best of Mothers!"*

*No, boys, I couldn't, wouldn't smoke,
And rowdy like you others;
I'd rather stand your hardest joke,
Than grieve the best of mothers!*

*Oh! you may call me "Baby-calf,"
"A colt that can't be curried;"
That doesn't hurt me even half,
Like seeing mother worried.*

*Your tauntings have a little sting,
Which I'll forget tomorrow;
But I could ne'er forget a thing
That brought my mother sorrow.*

*And though it cannot be denied,
I really like—or love you,
I still confess a grateful pride
In standing—just above you.*

Aunt Myra's Party.

By Annie Hamilton Donnell.

"I've been to a party,—that's where I've been," laughed Aunt Myra.

She sat down on the doorsteps and gathered all the little Berries—Aunt Myra spelled it Berries—round her. There were a good many of them. The one Aunt Myra called Blue Berry, because her eyes were so blue, sat close under her elbow. The one with black eyes,—that was Black Berry—sat on her knee. The boys, whom Aunt Myra called Huckle Berry and Checker Berry, were at her feet. Then there was wee little laughing Bunch Berry, as fat and as round as could be—she didn't sit anywhere, of course. She never did. She roamed round and round them in a steady—no, unsteady—little trot.

"Yes, a party,—want me to tell you about it? Blue Berry does, I see it in her eyes! Look round here Black Berry,—yes, it's in your eyes, too!"

"An' ours, too,—look in our eyes, Aunt Myra," shouted the boys.

"We all want you to tell 'bout it!" chorused all the little Berries at the tops of their high, sweet little voices. Aunt Myra took out her tatting. That meant a story, and all the little Berries drew breaths of relief.

"A dress-up party, Aunt Myra?" questioned Blue Berry, eyeing Aunt Myra's simple cambric dress doubtfully.

"Dress-up? Yes, indeed! You never saw such beautiful costumes, Blue Berry! They were magnificent. Everybody was dressed up in crimson and scarlet and gold."

Aunt Myra's tatting-shuttle flew

in and out, making a dainty little cobweb of thread.

"I s'pose you changed your dress after you get home, Auntie," Black Berry said.

"Why, no," Aunt Myra said. "I wore this dress. I forgot to say that everybody but me was dressed up. I suppose I really ought to have put on my best dress, but, you see, the invitation didn't say 'Put on you best dress,' so how was I to know? And, after all, it didn't matter—I had just as good a time."

Blue Berry was pondering.

"Did you have a regular-built invitation, written on a sheet o' paper, Auntie?"

"Not on a whole sheet—only on one leaf, dear. It blew into my window."

"Why!" cried the chorus of little Berries in concert. It seemed such a queer way to send invitations.

"Yes, I was writing by the window and it blew right into my lap. I decided to accept it, right away. Now, I'll tell you all about it." Come here, little Bunch of a Berry, and go to sleep in my arms. You always listen best that way! Well, I got my hat and started. The party was in the middle of Mr. Clearwater's pasture—it was a beautiful shady place for the party. All the guests were there when I arrived. They were dressed in splendid, brilliant gowns that rustled and whispered whenever they moved. Some of them were all in red and one tall, graceful figure was dressed in pale yellow that shimmered in the sun like delicate golden traceries. I liked that costume especially well, but the stout,

matronly figure that received with it, I liked too. The rich russet-brown dress made a fine appearance with the sunshine on it. The scarlet and crimson and crimson-and-gold dresses were all in a group together—their wearers ‘Received’ together, you know. A little way off, beside the fence, stood a row of airy, graceful little figures, nodding and holding out their red-gloved hands to me. I thought they were most especially gracious and hospitable. Their gowns were all alike—bright glowing red. I saw at once that they were of the same family and dressed alike.”

Aunt Myra paused a moment and looked around. Bunch Berry was asleep, sure enough,—Blue Berry and Black Berry were listening with grave, intent little faces. And the boys—Aunt Myra was sure she saw a bit of a knowing twinkle shining in Huckle Berry’s eye and

another just being lighted in Checker Berry’s.

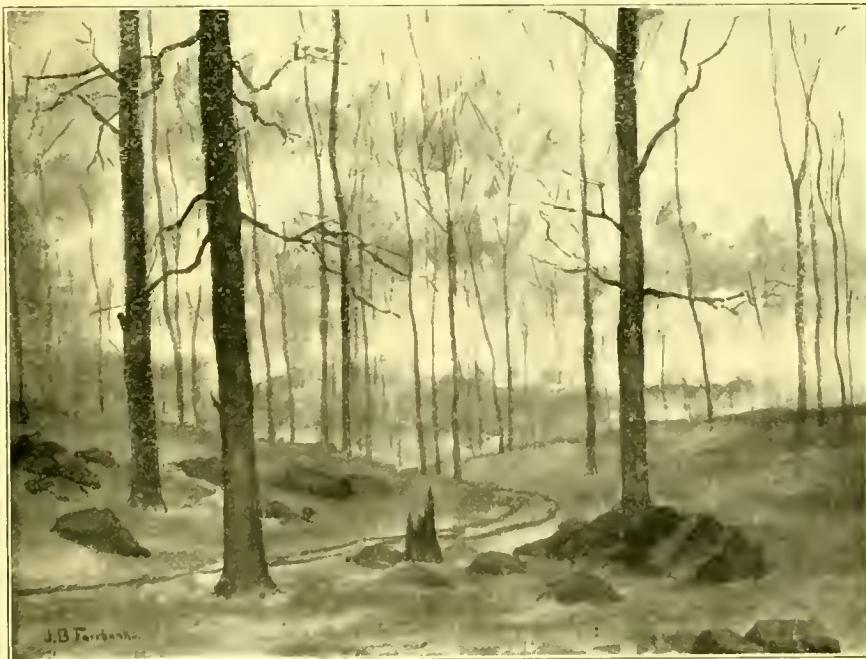
“Well, she said briskly, “to go on—I had a beautiful time at the party. I think, all in all, it was the most brilliant party I ever went to. Everybody was so cordial and bowed and curtsied to me so politely, and they whispered such pretty little speeches into my ear! Music? Oh, yes, Blue Berry, there was music—by the orchestra. It was beautiful. They were all wind instruments, and the music was soft and sweet and soothing. I—I went to sleep to it.”

“Auntie Myra!”

“Aun-tie My-ra!”

“Went to sleep at a party!”

The chorus was shocked and solemn. All the little Berries held up small sun-browned hands in horror. Aunt Myra drew down her face and looked round at them all in make-believe shame.



WHERE THE PARTY WAS HELD.

"Yes, I did,—I went to sleep at the party," she said slowly. "I couldn't help it—the music of the wind instruments was so drowsy and low and sweet. I suppose it wasn't polite, but nobody seemed to mind a bit—not a bit. The party went right on just the same, and when I opened my eyes, there they all were nodding and curtseying to me as cordially as ever! I went round and shook hands with them all, and they gave me their cards to bring home. I shall go again next year—I think they intend to give a party in Mr. Clearwater's pasture next year, if nothing happens to prevent. You see, it's a kind of reception they give to a certain favored guest—Oh, no, no, not to me! I was only an outsider who happened to get an invitation. The guest of honor didn't seem to be there at all this year—anyway, I didn't see him there. Once I thought I felt him—"

"Aunt Myra, you can't fool me. I know who that fellow was!" laughed Huckle Berry, triumphantly.

"So do I!" shouted Checker Berry. "It was winter,—that's who! And the party was an autumn leaf party in Mr. Clearwater's little grove, in the pasture!"

"And the music was just the wind a-blowing!"

Aunt Myra carried little sleeping Bunch Berry to the hammock and tucked her in warmly. She put her tatting-shuttle and the dainty cobweb she had made, in her pocket. Her brown eyes were brimming with laughter.

"What guessers you are!" she cried gaily. "You've guessed it all, every bit of it. Now, put on your jackets and come over to my house and I'll show you the beautiful 'Cards' I brought home from the party. I want you to tell me which the stately Elm tree gave me, and which came from the Maple family, and which from the russet-brown, matronly Oak."

"An' the sisters all in a row 'side of the fence, dressed just alike in red," cried Blue Berry eagerly, "I know who gave yo: those cards, Aunt Myra."

"The Sumach sisters! The sumach sisters!" chorused all the little Berries together.

"Did you ever see such guesser!" laughed Aunt Myra. "Well, to-morrow the party in Mr. Clearwater's pasture is going to be continued, and we'll all go together. I feel well enough acquainte'd to invite you myself."

Mother Mine

By Minnie Iverson.

*Dearest sweetheart, Mother Mine
How my heart doth long and pine
For the beauty that's in thine,
Mother Mine!*

*How the sunshine of thy ways
And the rapture of thy praise
With delight my spirits raise
Mother Mine!*

*When thy gentle hand clasps mine,
And thine arms about me twine,
What a thrill of love divine
Mother Mine!*

*Could I such affection show
In such gracious manners grow
Oh the joy my soul should know,
Mother Mine!*

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

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SALT LAKE CITY, - NOVEMBER, 1908

Fast Day Exercises.

Perhaps the most difficult problem before the Sunday School teacher today is how to conduct successful Fast Day exercises. The lessons suggested in "Sunday School Outlines" furnish excellent subjects for other Sundays in each month; and when teachers prepare them properly, by prayer, conscientious study, and consultation with associate teachers in the department, the lessons prove to be inter-

esting and profitable material for recitations; but for the first Sunday in every month, nothing has been provided. Consequently there seems to be no unity of effort in Fast Day work. Teachers are perplexed, and pupils uninterested.

The purpose of Fast Day exercises in the Sunday School is (1) to encourage children to testify to the truth; (2) to give every one an opportunity of speaking either upon any truth that has become real to him, or any blessing that reveals the goodness and love of our Father in Heaven—and by such expression to make more clear his understanding of the truth; and (3) to give practice in standing before others.

Fast Day exercises should accomplish at least three results: they should make more real to the pupil the truth or truths about which he speaks; they should be a means of developing confidence in the pupil to speak in the presence of others; they should assist the teacher to become better acquainted with the dispositions and needs of the pupils.

But it is neither the purpose of Fast Day exercises nor the results to be obtained that perplex the teacher. It is *how* to attain the purpose—*how* to accomplish the results. It is a well known fact that boys and girls from four years of age to eighty like to tell what they know. Working upon this principle, then, the secret of getting Sunday School pupils to bear testimony lies in the teacher's ability to develop within them some truth or truths to which they can bear testimony. In other words, give the class something to talk about;

arouse an interest in them and the children will talk. On the other hand, to throw upon boys and girls the responsibility of bearing testimony by merely suggesting to them, "Now, children, this is fast day, and we should like every one to bear his testimony," is not only to fail to arouse interest, but to make the class feel a consciousness of having nothing to say—a most fatal condition to testimony bearing.

Now, just how best to suggest topics and to arouse interest must be left largely to each individual teacher; because no two classes meet under exactly the same conditions, neither are they composed of the same kind of pupils. However, here is one suggestion:

One week before fast day say to the class that on the following Sunday you should like to have them come prepared to talk about some truth which you have developed previously in the class. Tell them to recall some story or lesson given in the past that illustrates the truth, to ask their parents for experiences, or, best of all, to give their own thoughts about it. In making such an assignment, be sure that it be understood that the pupils may be free to speak upon any other principle or truth, or blessing of the Lord that they desire to tell about.

Suppose, for example, that the class had, during the preceding month, a lesson on "Joseph Smith's First Vision," or "Paul Shipwrecked," or "Jesus in Gethsemane," and one truth emphasized was, the prayer of faith brings blessings and comfort. This truth could be suggested as one topic for testimony bearing; and the mere mention of it would call up in the children's minds incidents in Church history that they know something of. Their parents could suggest others, and

in some instances—in many instances in the higher departments—personal experiences could be given, all of which would make a spirited and profitable lesson.

Fast Day exercises should be devoted to things pertaining to the Gospel, and not to trivial or even secular matters. The Gospel comprehends all truth, which comes to us in so many beautiful and varied forms that no teacher need fear a dearth of subjects. Any "aim" previously developed in the class might be a truth to which to bear testimony, e. g., "Implicit faith in a Supreme Being gives peace to the soul;" "True repentance is progression and without it there is no salvation;" "Baptism is essential to salvation;" "The purer a man's life, the more he is entitled to the guidance of the Spirit of the Lord;" "True greatness consists in losing self for the good of others;" "The prayer of faith shall heal the sick;" "The power of God is greater than the power of the evil one;" and so on without limit. In the history of God's dealing with men, these truths and a thousand others are proved. It remains only for the teacher to bring them home to the child's understanding. When this is done, Sunday School classes, instead of repeating, parrot-like, meaningless phrases, can bear testimony to the truths of the Gospel.

To accomplish this the teachers must prepare as carefully on Fast Day lessons as on any others. Each department teacher should see clearly in her own mind some lesson entirely new to the children which she could give Sunday morning in testimony of the truth previously assigned, and which would serve as a means not only of suggesting to the children something they might say, but also of arousing interest in the

subject. The teacher should always be sure that the class is testifying to that which they really know.

If the purpose of Fast Day exercises be kept clearly in mind, viz., to encourage pupils to testify to the *truth*, to clarify, by expression, what perhaps is only a dim and hazy mental picture; to give them practice in expressing themselves in the presence of others—if this purpose, I say, be kept clearly in mind, the Lord will inspire the prayerful, conscious teacher how best to accomplish the results.

Seldom, if ever, should the Fast Day lesson be supplanted by any other. No other Sunday School work should be more interesting and profitable than the Fast Day exercise. It should be the most profitable lesson in the month, and it may be so if the assignment be made one week ahead, and the teacher suggest in the advanced departments and parents' class, that thought and study for preparation be given it; in the lower departments, that children ask their parents for personal experiences, and that little ones themselves give their own observations and experiences.

JOSEPH F. SMITH.

The Spirit of the Conference.

When President Joseph F. Smith opened the seventy-ninth semi-annual conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, he read to the great congregation assembled in the Tabernacle, that section of the Doctrine and Covenants known as the "Word of Wisdom." Commenting on the revelation, President Smith deplored the fact that saloons, and other places of ill repute, are by far too common in some places inhabited by Latter-day Saints. He urged the Saints

to remember the Word of Wisdom, and to observe it. It is, in fact, no longer merely a revelation and a word of wisdom, but a commandment from God the Eternal Father. "We endorse every movement in favor of temperance," said President Smith, "in favor of everything for the betterment of mankind and for the establishment of righteousness upon the earth." And there was expressed the spirit of the conference. Nearly every speaker dwelt upon the Word of Wisdom and the necessity of temperance. Such another splendid temperance conference will be rarely found.

In the afternoon of the first day, Apostle Heber J. Grant, after speaking at length upon the subject of temperance, presented the following resolution:

"Believing in the words and teachings of President Joseph F. Smith, as set forth this morning on the subject of temperance, it is proposed that all the officers and members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints will do all in their power that can properly be done with lawmakers generally, to have such laws enacted by our legislature soon to be elected as may be necessary to close saloons and otherwise decrease the sale of liquor and to enact the Sunday law."

When this resolution was presented for the vote of the conference, "all Israel shouted with a great shout, so that the earth rang again." It was as if the ark of the covenant of the Lord had been carried into the midst of His people, as it was in the days of Eli. Indeed, by that mighty shout of approval, the resolution was made a covenant unto the Lord. Let Israel now see to it, that it live according to its approval, that it act according to its convictions.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TOPICS.

The Sunday School Library.

By *Howard R. Driggs.*

Sunday School libraries, to be effective, must have two things—good books and good librarians. Usually they lack one or both of these essentials. The ordinary library is generally a cupboard or closet full of Bibles, hymn books, and other indispensable volumes, with a mass of leaflets and maps, and perhaps a collection of unattractive, miscellaneous books, which seldom have the dust shaken off by any reader.

The work of keeping the library frequently falls upon the janitor, who stows the books away after school is dismissed. If there be a librarian, he is too often untrained in handling books, and he seldom is thoroughly acquainted with the contents of his library. There are, of course, many delightful exceptions to this general condition—libraries well filled with good books and librarians well-fitted and faithful. We commend these rather rare examples to encourage them and to inspire others to follow their good example.

Year by year we spend our efforts in getting up concerts and excursions and otherwise struggling to gather funds to spend largely for books. It must be distressing to those on whom this burden falls most, to realize how wasteful we are of these supplies. Is there any officer that will not agree that a great deal of this struggle for funds could be avoided if our books were properly cared for? We certainly need a librarian in every school who knows how to handle books

and who will make his presence felt among those who mark and destroy and lose the volumes in his care.

But the librarian should be more than a mere keeper of books. He ought to have ability to guide the reading of those who come to him. A good librarian will be able to tell something about the contents of every book in his care. Yet we do have librarians who do not know their books; and worse still, will make little effort to find out what the volumes do contain. Until we change this attitude; until we make the office of librarian something more than a mere dispenser and gatherer of books, we need not look for splendid results from this department.

We come now to the chief point of all in our subject—the selection of books for our Sunday School library. This choosing of books for young and old is one of the most vital—and at the same time most neglected of the educational problems before us today.

In general there are three classes of books that come properly within the province of the Sunday School Library: (1) text books; (2) works of reference; (3) miscellaneous wholesome books for general reading. Let us discuss each kind in turn.

Our text books are prescribed. The Bible, the Book of Mormon, Doctrine and Covenants, Pearl of Great Price, and other books that pertain to our course of study, we must have. The great difficulty is to get them in ample quantity, and care for them in such a way as to save expense.

The problem of reference books is harder to solve. Some of these also are recommended. It is expected, of course, that every Sunday School possess the standard works of our own Church writers.

One source of supplemental stories for Sunday School work that has been worked too little is our own history. It would be a fine thing if our pioneer tales could be presented in a form adapted to children. We have already a mass of such splendid story material that has been printed in the *JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR* and elsewhere. Much of it is well worth reprinting. The pages of the *St. Nicholas* magazine have recently been gleaned to make story books. "Indian Stories," "Sea Stories," "Fairy Stories" and many others, "retold from *St. Nicholas*," have been published in an attractive series for the children. Why can we not also have a series of carefully selected, well-edited, "Pioneer Tales," "Missionary Memoirs," "Grandmother's Chair," and other stories from the rich experiences of our fathers? If the *INSTRUCTOR* and other sources were gleaned, and the cream of the contents of these classified, the teacher could have an easy, never-failing source of Gospel material to give delight and inspiration to the children.

Yet we should not narrow ourselves to this material alone. The library ought to contain many other helpful volumes from which the teacher can always get information and inspiration. Herein our libraries are greatly lacking. Sunday School Teachers need wholesome stories. Where can they get them? They need geography, books of travel, historical books, to help them brighten up their Bible and other lessons. Does the library usually contain such volumes? There

are many excellent books from outside sources—books free from infidelic and sectarian taint—that will give suggestion and help to all teachers. For the primary grades: "Stories to Tell to Children;" "For the Children's Hour;" "Children's Rights;" "Tales and Customs of the Hebrews;" "Stories from the Gospels;" "How to Tell Stories to Children;" and many others are excellent. For the higher classes there should be such sidelights for the study of the Scriptures as "Historical Geography of Palestine," South; "History of the Jewish People During Maccabean and Roman Times," Riggs; "Life of Christ," Farrar; "Introduction to Literature of Bible," Moreton. These, and others that might be decided on as safe and sound, would give a great deal of splendid material to vitalize and simplify the daily lessons. Some good list of recommended works of reference should be prepared and published for the guidance of teachers and librarians. Add to such books good maps—especially a relief map of Palestine and North and South America—and such charts as are necessary, and the Sunday School will possess a useful library.

Right here is the place to impress the further point, that if the Sunday School can keep supplied with plenty of texts and song-books, and also have a goodly number of references such as have been suggested—if it can keep enough of these essential books on hand, it may well be pardoned if it does not attempt to carry a stock of miscellaneous volumes for general reading.

Experience has led us to the belief that general reading should be taken care of by the public library and especially by the home. The district schools have long since de-

cided that they cannot do the work of distributing and gathering miscellaneous books effectively. Such books are easily scattered, lost, and destroyed, even when regularly paid teachers are in charge. How many Sunday Schools are there that cannot also bear testimony to such results? Would it not be better, therefore, for the Sunday School to provide itself with only the necessary and constantly helpful books and to throw its influence in favor of the great movement now in progress to better our home libraries and to plant a public library in every community?

This is not to say that the Sunday School should not exercise a profound influence in guiding the reading habits of its members, old and young. We think it should. And it can do far more than it does by stirring parents to buy choice books by suggesting what books should be read, by inducing the merchants to carry a stock of carefully-selected books at Christmas time, instead of so many trashy books and toys. In the smaller and the far-away wards, it may be advisable for the Sunday School to establish circulating libraries, or even to keep miscellaneous good books on hand. At all events, the Sunday School should lend its power and influence unceasingly to the cause of good books.

A movement is now under way in Utah to plant a free library in every town and city in the state. This splendid institution will reinforce not only the homes and school but the church in their efforts to uplift humanity. It will gladly lift the burden of miscellaneous reading from the Sunday School; most libraries would be very willing to receive and care for an alcove of

such books as a Sunday School might recommend.

Another part of this good books movement has for its central purpose the improvement of our home libraries. Already in more than a score of our towns, certain high-minded merchants have agreed to place on their shelves, particularly during the holiday season, a stock of choice books—carefully selected by experts. It is hoped that before this year ends, every town in the state will have a merchant engaged in this commendable business, a movement that every one with the interests of his community at heart will sustain.

Our homes have very few attractive, wholesome books, especially for children. In these days when books are so cheap that 200 of the best of them can be bought for less than the cost of a common organ, or for half the price of a piano, it seems a shame that our children do not have a case of them. Parents should realize that a home without a choice library is like a town without a good school; that good books placed before the child during his tender years will give him such a taste for clean reading as will bless his whole life. The home is still the center of education; home-reading is the best reading. See to it, then, that the homes have choice books, and many of the worrisome problems we now meet in our Sunday School library work will disappear.

Parents' Department.

Evenings at Home.

By Mattie Duncan Bartlett.

The question of the proper method to adopt in rearing a family is constantly becoming a more vital

one. The temptations are stronger today in our community than they were years ago, when father and mother were the only guides, religiously, mentally and morally. As long as a child's mind is employed he is free from temptation, but as soon as there is no mental or physical exercise of an elevating nature, to occupy him, his safeguard is gone and the good or evil influences can have their most powerful effect upon him. This time is usually in the evening after the labors of the day are finished. The child who prefers staying at home or being where his parents are, is not the one to be anxious about; but there should be great anxiety felt toward the one who from choice desires to be elsewhere of an evening. During the winter months, most children are kept busy getting lessons for the following day at school; so it is in the summer that they are left to their own responsibility. The one who is satisfied and contented then with his home surroundings is not the one who will bring grief to his parents.

We might ask ourselves the question. Why is it that there is one child who is never found at home? The trouble lies in the fact that his soul needs something that is lacking in his own home, but which the other members of the family do not miss because of a difference in temperament. Dr. Karl G. Maeser told us to "Treat all your children alike by treating each one differently." We do not need consciously to plan entertainment for some of the family, but there are others for whom it will tax our ingenuity always to have something new and ready when the evening meal is finished.

A great amount of our difficulty might be avoided if parents and

children would become acquainted with each other. Parents look after the family's needs as far as food and clothing are concerned, but too often they leave the moral and spiritual training to the teachers in the Sunday School or to the influence of bad companions. Every father and mother should consider themselves the first and foremost guides for their own particular children and the evening is the time when these all-important lessons should be given. Let the child know that his father and mother are the most sympathetic friends he has and that they are the ones to whom he can go with his pleasures or his disappointments; and let him feel that his confidences are held sacred, whether they are his joys or his sorrows, his successes or his failures. When we have gained this entirely, we need have no fear for the welfare of the child. We must get down to the children's level. Be one with them in their studies and recreations. Never keep them from you with a feeling that it is a lowering of dignity to romp and play with them. And when they have done anything well, or at least made an effort, praise them so that they may know that you are watchful of all they are doing, but never let them get the impression that no one else could have done as well as they.

When the family is gathered together of an evening, it would not be out of place for father and mother to make inquiries as to what the other has been doing during the day. It would do children a vast amount of good, to say nothing of the benefits the parents would receive, if they praised each other more. If the child hears from his mother how hard his father works or how intelligent he is, or from his

father what good meals his mother prepares or how orderly their home is, and that these things are done for his benefit, it can not help but make him appreciate father and mother more. It will help him realize that no one has his interests at heart so much as father and mother, and that indeed "there is no place like home."

If a child has done a wrong act, it is better not to bring an account of it to the rest of the family. If it is necessary for the father to correct the child, let him do it privately, and it is sure to have more effect. Not many children will submit to humiliation before their brothers and sisters. He is not going into their society next evening after being reprimanded before them the evening before. We must draw the children to us and not send them away by unkindness. As one little fellow said: "He guessed he might just as well be bad as good, because everybody told him he was naughty. And he wasn't going where good people were because they always scolded him and made him feel meaner."

We can not expect children to stay at home if there is nothing to do that appeals to them. It is not very interesting to the members of the family to have father pick up the daily paper after the evening meal is over, turn his back upon the others and engage in a select reading, evening after evening. Let the newspaper be read in the morning, even if it should require our arising earlier. We should eliminate all discussions of the demoralizing accounts in the papers. There is nothing to be gained by it and what does not elevate us, pulls us down either mentally or morally. We must provide something for the children to do and not leave the evening's

amusement to their own planning unless they show an inclination at the start to entertain themselves. If they do, let us enter into whatever they want to do with all our might. Let them realize that we are interested in them and they will be interested in us. It is essential to have plenty of good literature for reading and discussing. This is one method of teaching morals and of bringing before a child high ideals as shown in the noble characters of fiction. What boys could hear read the story of "Ivanhoe" and not feel his boyish heart throb with the desire to defend all persecuted people? And is there a girl that would not carry with her through life the picture of the virtues and goodness of the despised Jewish maid? But we must not depend upon one form of amusement because that will grow very monotonous and tiresome. There are many good games that they might play, or let them indulge in singing either school songs or Sunday hymns.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Second Intermediate Department.

RELATIVE IMPORTANCE OF INSPIRATION.

By Genet Bingham.

The Apostle Paul said, "All Scripture given by inspiration of God is profitable for doctrine." It is through the inspiration of the Holy Ghost that we have been promised that things past shall come to remembrance in time of need. Teachers who are called to instruct the children in the principles of life and salvation, above all others, should seek to be guided in their instruction by the Spirit of God.

It is plain to all that it is first necessary that we must thoroughly prepare ourselves on the subject we

intend to teach, storing our minds with as much knowledge as we can obtain on it, so that we may have something to impart, and which the Holy Spirit can bring forth in the manner best suited to the needs of those whom we seek to teach. And not only must we be prepared by study, for to be a teacher in very deed one must live so that the Holy Spirit may find a fit dwelling place; it cannot remain in an unholy tabernacle.

As in the missionary field where the elder is humble and does not depend upon his own strength altogether, but seeks the aid of the Lord, and through that aid becomes most successful in his labors and accomplishes much good, so the teacher must seek for inspiration higher than his own if he would make an impression on the mind of the child that cannot be erased, and that will bring joy and happiness to the soul; for we cannot expect to kindle the light within the soul of a child unless we ourselves possess at least a spark of the divine light.

I call to mind an incident related by a man now prominent in the Church. When he was a young man attending school he was asked by his instructor to attend meeting and make note of the grammatical errors made by the speakers, so that they might be considered in class. There were two speakers, the first one delivering a learned and most eloquent address; his knowledge of the English language was good and his delivery of the best. The young man however felt that something was lacking that he could not at the time explain. He was followed by a man who lacked the advantages of a good education; but was humble and evidently felt the need of the Spirit of God to assist him.

After having noted some of the grammatical errors made by this speaker, the young man found his purpose of criticism forgotten and tears were rolling down his cheeks. That speaker's utterances, crude though they were, carried the inspiration of the Spirit of God, and through them the young man was led to a more thorough investigation of the gospel, which resulted in his conversion to the truth.

Inspiration is one method of instruction. It gives light and the power of comprehension to those who seek for it, and the mind may be opened to understand the truth. It enables one to comprehend the things of God and their true relationship to man, and to teach the truth regarding God and His laws as one "having understanding."

Then why should we not so live that our hearts and feelings may be in harmony with the Spirit of God so that we may know His will. Let our lessons be thoroughly prepared, and through His divine guidance we shall be the means in His hands of inspiring the children with the truths of the Gospel.

First Intermediate Department.

FAST DAY EXERCISE.

On one occasion a certain man came to the Savior, knelt before Him and begged Him to heal his son, who was possessed of an evil spirit. And the man said, "I brought him to Thy disciples and they could not cure him." Jesus rebuked the evil spirit and the child was immediately healed. Then the disciples anxiously inquired of the Master: "Why could not we cast him out?" And Jesus said unto them: "Because of your unbelief, for verily I say unto you if ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed ye shall say unto this mountain, 're-

move hence to yonder place and it shall remove and nothing shall be impossible to you; howbeit, this kind goeth not out but by fasting and prayer."

In these last words the Master Teacher pointed out the plan whereby we can obtain faith to accomplish all things. Then how great is the responsibility of the teacher whose mission it is to teach the children on this day of prayer and fasting, and to try to instill in their hearts this perfect faith in their Father in Heaven.

It is a common complaint among Sunday School workers that the Fast Day lesson is not always so successful as the regular outlined Bible lesson. This fact should and does cause our teachers no inconsiderable amount of worry, for do we not all realize that this Sunday is the day, of all days, when our children should receive spiritual strength? They have even further "humbled their souls" by fasting and are in a condition which renders them more susceptible to the influences of the Holy Spirit, which, if we avail ourselves of our privilege and our duty, will be present in our class in abundance.

In this department where the children are of the active, restless age, the problem of knowing just what to give them that will hold their attention and at the same time touch a responsive chord in their hearts, so that they will respond with experiences from their own little world of thought and action, is one that every teacher is prayerfully endeavoring to solve. These children have not, as yet, a testimony of the restored Gospel, and we cannot expect them to testify to its truthfulness, but they do have faith in certain truths, which have been taught them, first by evidence given by the parent or the teacher in the Sunday School class,

and second by the verification of these in their own lives. With every Sunday's lesson the teacher has taught the class some specific truth and at the same time pointed out ways in which the same might be applied to make that child's life better and more useful. These principles of faith, love, trust in God, obedience, etc., all taught by different specific instances have become a part of the child's life and it is from this store which we can draw our testimonies on Fast Day. Keeping these lessons in mind, the teacher can select an aim which, as nearly as possible includes the main thought of the three aims of the past month's lesson, being especially careful to select one, that she not only believes, but feels and lives. Each teacher in the department before Local Board Meeting should prepare some interesting illustration, which will teach this truth, planning with special care a way to apply it to the life of the child, so that it will awaken responsive thought in his mind and a desire to live it in his life.

Take for example some month's work in which the main thought in the three lessons develops the idea of trust in God. By this I do not mean that all of the lessons were outlined to this aim; one might teach faith, another necessity of prayer, but by thinking of them all together, we could select the underlying thought of trust in God. This thought then could be used as a basis for our Fast Day work and the aim might be worded: "God will aid and bless those who put their trust in Him." By proper presentation and tact in drawing out, almost every child can be led to bear testimony to this truth. But all of this must be most carefully planned before the teacher attempts to stand before the class. At the Local Board Meeting, after dis-

cussing the new illustrations to be used, each teacher should suggest as many incidents as possible which will prove this aim and which are known to be familiar to the class. The teacher who is to present the lesson notes all of these, and before Sunday morning acquaints herself with the details of each.

Thus far she has conscientiously prepared herself and can go before her Heavenly Father in faith and the true spirit of fasting and prayer and plead for the special blessing which will enable her to teach the truths of this particular day in a way that will strengthen the faith of the children of her class and make them more noble.

Being thus prepared she can go before the class with confidence and present the lesson, and this presentation, I think, should always include a strong and impressive testimony of the truth she is trying to teach, a real application of the same to her own life, showing to the children why she believes it, how she tries to live it and the good she derives from it.

After this is completed the teacher asks the pupils to tell her a story about some one who has trusted in the Lord and been blessed. If the children do not readily respond to this question, the teacher begins telling some minor details of the prepared illustrations with which the children are familiar, and they will be eager and ready to complete this story, after which the teacher asks the child to give his opinion as to why this particular person received this blessing and helps him think of different ways which he can show his trust in the Lord and receive the blessings he needs. By this method the majority of the class can be led to bear testimony by illustrations from past lessons or better still, by some incident in their own lives.

I call to mind one very impressive testimony borne by a child in response to the teacher's question: "How many have trusted in God and had their prayers answered?" The child was about nine years of age and her testimony was in substance as follows: "One night it was cold and brother had gone skating. It was getting so late that mamma was awfully worried for fear he had been drowned and she was crying. I went in the other room alone and knelt down and asked my Heavenly Father to send brother home and in just a few minutes he came and I know the Lord heard my prayer and sent my brother home."

O, the beauty of that simple childish faith. Any teacher would feel amply paid for a whole year's work by that one testimony.

Many different plans for conducting Fast Day work have been suggested, but I firmly believe that it is not so much the plan as the spirit in which it is carried out; for two teachers having prepared the lesson in the same way, might obtain very different results from their preparation. The best preparation is to live in our daily lives the truths we are trying to teach and also live in closer communion with the Spirit of God and have a constant prayer for its aid in our work, even the prayer of the blind poet Milton:

"And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and
pure,
Instruct me, for thou knowest. * * *
* * * What in me is dark
I lumine, what is low raise and support."

Primary Department.

DIFFICULTIES OF THE PRIMARY TEACHER.

After carefully considering the difficulties encountered by the Pri-

mary teacher, from the standpoint of a teacher, and from experience gained by visiting many Primary classes, I have classified the principal difficulties under three general headings as follows:

1. Disorder.
2. Lack of proper accomodations.
3. Lack of parental co-operation.

Let us see what suggestions we can offer that may help to improve these regretable conditions.

We are all familiar with the oft-repeated saying, "Order is Heaven's First Law." Our honored President, Joseph F. Smith, has said that obedience is the first law of Heaven; order naturally follows. Obedience to the laws of God is the fundamental principle of the Gospel. Order is but the system by which the organizations of home and church and state are governed.

One of the first lessons which parents should teach their children is the lesson of obedience. Parents owe this to their children; it is part of their birthright. If children are to fulfill the commandment of God which requires them to honor their father and their mother, parents should give them daily lessons in obedience. Through obedience we are to enter the kingdom of Heaven; therefore the home should be Heaven's Kindergarten.

Disobedience in the home causes disorder in the Sunday School. Pupils who attend the district schools understand that they must obey the laws of the schools or punishment will follow. In the Sunday Schools the same obedience should be exacted. A child once led to conform to law will cause very little trouble after, and in thus leading him we have the satisfaction of knowing that we have God and the right on our side.

But this must be accomplished through love. We as teachers must be wholehearted in our work; we must love our children and let them feel that we are their friends, on week days as well as on the Sabbath. We should enter into their joys and their sorrows as far as possible and should so live that our daily lives will be an inspiration to them. It is a pleasure to obey those whom we love and once obedience is planted in the heart, order will follow.

No teacher interprets order to mean sitting perfectly still with arms folded and backs straight like pegs in a bench. Pupils should be allowed to occupy easy, natural positions and should be encouraged in their enthusiasm and in the free expression of their childlike thoughts, even though such expressions may, at times, interrupt our carefully prepared plans. We must remember that it is *their* class. But we must also preserve that quiet, sweet dignity which inspires respect and confidence.

So much has been said about preparation as a means of holding attention that I need not dwell on that part of Sunday School work, except to say that we have no right to demand attention from our pupils. It is our duty to arouse *interest*, and interest has been properly termed the "mother of attention."

The lack of proper accommodation is the cause of much disorder in the classes. We all know that the best classes are found where conditions are the most favorable. Children who attend the public schools, meet in clean, cheerful, attractive rooms five days in the week. Surely the Sabbath school room, which ought to be the vestibule of Heaven, ought to be equally attractive, more so if possible. We regret that this is not always

the case. On more than one occasion we have had our sensibility shocked on going to our class rooms to find them converted into temporary store rooms for dishes and other articles used a short time before at a ward entertainment. Dirty floors, benches covered with dust, unattractive walls, and windows, through which a struggling sunbeam admission seeks in vain, can scarcely be termed stepping stones to higher things.

It is the Primary teacher, more than any other, who has to suffer from these conditions, and great will be our joy when we can literally follow the Lord's command wherein he said, "Make not my Father's house a house of merchandise." We need amusement halls for our entertainments, so that our places of worship can be kept sacred, that when we enter them we can feel that we are indeed entering the House of the Lord, the Gate of Heaven. It may be years before we can have these conditions, but in the meantime there are somethings we can do that will aid us materially in our work.

In Liberty stake, group work is being introduced into Primary and Kindergarten departments and has already been attended with very satisfactory results. In order that those who are not already familiar with this work may get a definite idea as to how it is conducted I shall briefly explain our introduction to it.

On entering a certain Primary department we found ourselves in a large room. A bright, clean carpet covered the floor and a few good pictures adorned the walls. There was a table on which a clean white doily and a vase containing some red and white carnations. There was also a piano, and we felt as if we were entering a pri-

vate parlor rather than a public class room. From every part of that room there seemed to come echoes of the Savior's words, "My house shall be called a house of order." There were nine or ten groups of children with from six to ten pupils in each. Each group was seated in a circle, on chairs suited to the ages of the children, and was presided over by a bright, earnest teacher. The same lesson was taught in each group and the instructions were given in low voices so that one group might not disturb the other. We noticed particularly how each class seemed to concentrate their thoughts upon their own work. At the close of the lesson the children quietly moved their chairs to the side, thus forming semi-circles and the teacher who had been appointed to supervise the entire work, conducted a general review. The children in all the groups united in answering questions; all sang together and repeated in concert the memory gem for the day.

I believe the advantages of this method will appeal to every teacher. By this means we not only bring the children in closer contact with us, but the work is much more evenly distributed among the pupils. The timid child, if seated near the teacher, and a little special attention be shown him, will soon be encouraged to answer simple questions, and when once a start is made, who can tell what the end may be?

I fancy I hear some teachers say, "Impossible under present circumstances; our rooms are small, our classes large; our Primary chairs are high benches from which little feet dangle like pendulums; we cannot afford carpets, and even if we could, our rooms are used for so many other meetings that it

would be impossible for us to keep them in the conditions you have described."

Nay, do not say "Impossible." There is a better word the word "Difficult." Difficulties that we may consider insurmountable have been overcome by others. It was designed that a great part of our life work should consist in the overcoming of difficulties. "He that overcometh" said the Savior, "will I grant to sit with me on my throne."

I know of one school which took up the group work under conditions far from ideal. The room is of ordinary size, but the class is divided into three groups. Benches are used as substitutes for chairs and two groups are within four feet of each other, but notwithstanding this close proximity one group does not disturb the other. "Difficulties overcome."

A little means will purchase a fairly good quality of matting such as is used in aisles. This will stand years of wear. Even strips of rag carpet make a room homelike and attractive. Kindergarten teachers have succeeded in getting chairs for their children; Primary teachers should follow suit. We can have a blossoming plant on our table and allow different children the pleasure of attending to it during the week. And as for pictures, they are so inexpensive now that no room need be without a few good ones.

I have placed the lack of parental co-operation among the difficulties encountered by the Primary teacher; but this is a difficulty which can be easily overcome. We must of all things be charitable; teachers complain because parents do not visit the Sunday schools; parents might also complain because teachers do not visit them. I am of the opinion that that which we look upon as indifference is by

parents considered *implicit confidence*. Parents feel that in sending their children to Sunday School they are putting them in a nursery of Heaven. They have the most perfect confidence in the ability of the earthly gardeners to care for and train the tender plants and with the feeling that "all is well with the child," they kiss their little ones good morning and turn in to attend to some household duty. I would recommend that we visit at least one home each week and invite the parents, especially the mother, to attend school the following Sunday or a week later; it is better to appoint a time. And I believe that if the children knew that mother really desired to visit the Sunday school, they would willingly do their part in assisting her that she might be able to go with them. A mother will gain more inspiration from one visit to the Sunday school, seeing our work and that of the children, than she could possibly gain from any amount of theory advanced at a public meeting.

Parents can be of great service to us; we can likewise help them. A co-partnership should be established between parents and teachers, with the mutual understanding that neither of them be silent partners, but that both work faithfully toward the desired end—the salvation of the child.

Notes.

Brother B. H. Goddard, treasurer of the Weber Stake Sunday School Union Board, has remitted the stake nickel-fund donation, of one hundred per cent. Weber stake is the first stake to report, and inasmuch as the amount remitted is a full one hundred per cent the stake workers are to be commended.

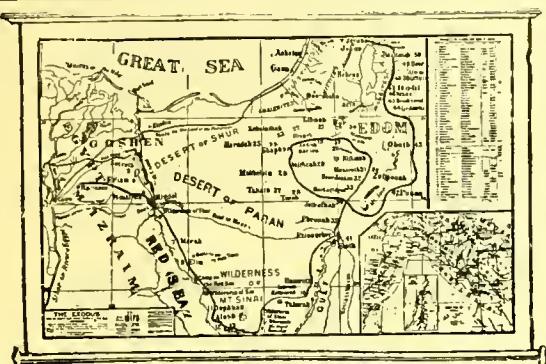
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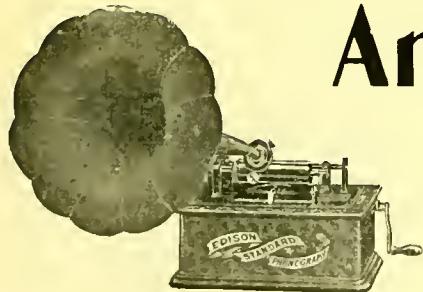
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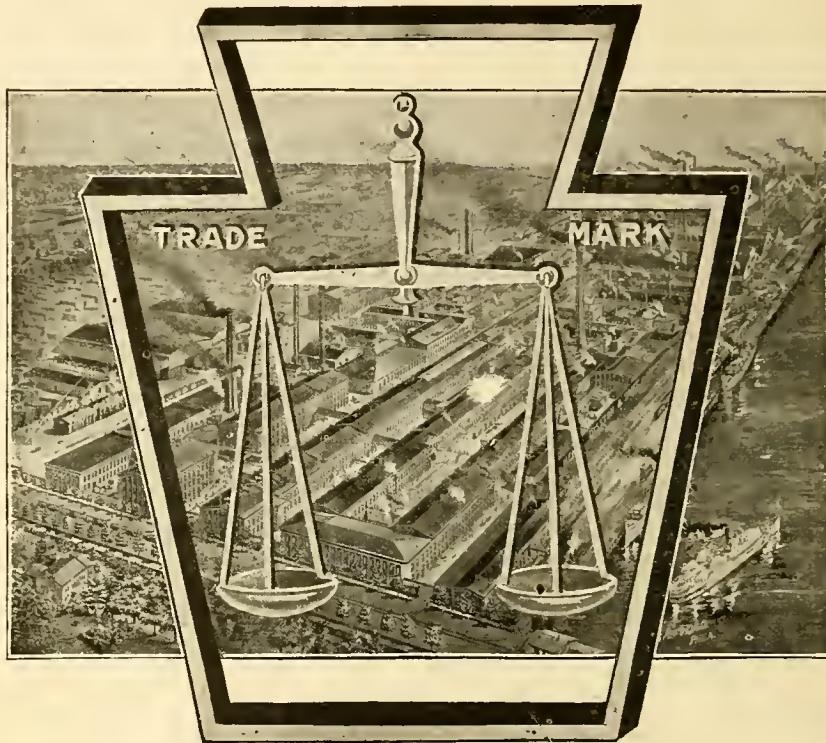
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